

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER,
PUBLISHED
BY HENRY M. WHITNEY,
Every Wednesday Morning,
AT SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
Foreign Subscribers, \$6.00 to \$10.00.

OFFICE—In the new Post Office Building
Merchant Street, Honolulu, H. I.

My Little Ones.

Never a noise my little ones make,
Patronize through the land;
Never a noise my little ones make,
Always within my call.
My little ones, and, O! so glad,
Gathered about my knee;
Harry would be it if he could,
Though he is only three;
Hansy, my oldest, my first-born,
Still sitting on my lap,
Though he now dreams of the college here,
And loves his ready nap.
These are my little ones, O! so sweet!
And yet more—
He never has tried his little feet,
Never leapt the door.
Nearest close in my heart are all,
My quiet little ones;
Ever within my whispering call,
They play at ball in the garden floor,
Many a time and oft,
Up stirs behind through the open door,
To kiss me soft.

My little ones in memory live,
No quiet time will pass;
Never a bit of trouble they give,
Never a tear or a sigh;
So well and so fit;
In my heart, my little ones come,
My heart they fill.
All about in happy places
Are my little ones;
But none may see the angel face
Of my little ones.—
—Short and Sweet.

Variety.

High art—Painting a church steeple.
Good news for fish-eaters—Herring's safe.
Barbers say that bald-headed men dye grey.
If a small boy is a lad, is a big boy a ladder?
The girl of the parish never comes to a full stop.

The grain-dealers' motto—Wheat rye to please."

When a young lady marries she is always misappropriated.

Where do wall-flowers grow? On a party wall, of course.

Who is the easiest man? The furniture man; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

A new proverb: "The man who sets out a single shade-tree is better than the founder of a baseball club."

Is brotherly love promoted by increasing church-goes? Is the inquiry of some Protestant Episcopalians.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit wrapper?—Providence Journal. About a medium pattern—Hartford Times.

A Milwaukee man stated that he really needed some active, regular exercise. A friend suggested that he mix his own cocktails!

Officer (in India, the servant)—"What cast are you, Banjum?"—Oriental—"Same religion as salib. Drink brandy, sir!"

An experimental Georgia agriculturist is producing olive oil enough to make him a Saladin. (Alphonso to crusade, you perceive).

There is a Postmaster in Illinois who draws a salary of \$1 per annum. His object in seeking the office was to get married and raise a family.

Jenkins says his wife is a hard person to be pleased. He never scolded her but once, and that was when he shot the damper in the kitchen chimney.

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply; "I want your daughter."

Listening to a long and tiresome discussion in the school board the other evening, Jones said so much talk made him feel as if he was one of the board himself.

It was a Chicago lady who sent an order to Rome to a celebrated sculptor for "one marble figure of Apollon in his case, to cost not more nor one thousand dollars!"

"Gone your eyes are bad!" replied a Green Bay traveler, who told that his shirt-collar was soiled. "Why, bless you master, I haven't worn that collar but two weeks!"

When an Italian youth has arrived at the age of 16 he is told to stand up before his father and mother, and to say whether he would like to join the clergy or the brigands.

A gentleman asked a negro boy if he would take a pinch of snuff. "No," replied the darky, very respectfully; "me thank you. Pomp's not none hungry."

"What is a fort?" asked a teacher. "A place to put men in," was the answer. "What is a fortress, then?" The answer was prompt: "A place to put women."

The mother of Tommy a little fellow who had been sent to school at much too early an age, was very proud of his accomplishments, and liked to exhibit his learning before company. One day, when some visitors were in the parlor, Tommy was asked how the earth was divided. "By continents!" said Tommy, very promptly.

The Bishop of Wurzburg once asked a sprightly little shepherd boy, "What are you doing here, my lad?" "Teeling swine." "How much do you get?" "One boar a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the Bishop, "but I get much more pay." "Then I suppose you have more swine under your care," promptly replied the boy.

The following story illustrates the disadvantage of having an article of common use called after one's own name. The chief of the clan McIntosh had a dispute with a cabman about the fact. "Do you know who I am?" indignantly exclaimed the Highlander, "I am the McIntosh." "I don't care if you are as umbella," replied the cabby; "I will have my rights."

As my wife sat at the window one beautiful day stood watching a man with a moccay, a cart came along with a boar of a boy, who was driving a stout little dokey. To my wife then I spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage." To which she replied, when the dokey spied, "Ah, yes, a relation by marriage."

A smart youth—Quenice (reading)—"What does 'so-and-so-some' mean, ma, dear?" Ma (to me)—"Now, George, you say you are getting on well at school; see if you can inform your sister." Young Quenice (with dignity)—"Why, not little stupid; surely you know 'so-and-so' is Latin for not, and 'some' is votes. So, of course, it means spoken to a drunkard's voice—indinct."

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO HAWAIIAN PROGRESS.

VOL. XI.—NO. 8.

HONOLULU.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1875.

WHOLE NO. 528.

OFFICE—In the new Post Office Building

Merchant Street, Honolulu, H. I.

My Little Ones.

Never a noise my little ones make,
Patronize through the land;
Never a noise my little ones make,
Always within my call.

My little ones, and, O! so glad,
Gathered about my knee;

Harry would be it if he could,

Though he is only three;

Hansy, my oldest, my first-born,

Still sitting on my lap,

Though he now dreams of the college here,

And loves his ready nap.

These are my little ones, O! so sweet!

And yet more—

He never has tried his little feet,

Never leapt the door.

Nearest close in my heart are all,

My quiet little ones;

Ever within my whispering call,

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,

Many a time and oft,

Up stirs behind through the open door,

To kiss me soft.

They play at ball in the garden floor,